

THE CARMELITE

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA
CALIFORNIA
VOLUME FOUR
NUMBER TWELVE

APRIL 30, 1931

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA

FIVE CENTS

The Living Dead

Famous in the annals of humanitarianism is Father Damien, martyr of Molokai, Hawaiian leper settlement. Less well known was his confrere, Brother Joseph Dutton, whose death several weeks ago was chronicled, however, as front-page news. No less "front-page" is the following story.

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

Terrible was the impression made upon me by my first visit to Molokai, one of the Hawaiian islands. We went from Honolulu at midnight, on the "Miki-hala," a tiny, inter-island steam schooner, more a freighter than a passenger carrier. What, with the members of the board of health, white guests, a half-dozen newspaper writers, priests and nuns, the after part of the vessel reserved for us was insufferably crowded. There was much laughing and lighting of cigars, and the clinking of glasses in the stuffy cabin below, the sound on the languorous night air floating up to those above. The four Sisters, in black and white, were huddled on the lee side, away from the smoke of the burning tobacco, waiting for the steward to lead them to their beds, with faces hidden behind their heavy veils, and only their slender hands moving to the rhythm of the Rosary.

Forward, a hundred Hawaiians were packed between the wheelhouse and the after structure. There were three times as many women as men. Most of them lay on the deck, with their bundles for pillows, and their *bolokus* tucked about their feet. Others, who had drunk *kini* or *okolebas* and had the devil of dancing in them, were contorting in a *bula* to the music of several ukuleles, and the cries of their fellows, including some whites, who shouted at them in English and Hawaiian:

"*Wiki-wiki! Wela ka hao! Good girl! That's a good eye!*"



APROPPOS BATHIE STUART'S EVENING OF MAORI FOLK-LORE AT THE DENNY-WATROUS GALLERY NEXT SATURDAY: A LINOLEUM CUT BY HAZEL WATROUS, AFTER A DESIGN BY CHRISTOPHER PERKINS IN "THE MAORI HELICON"

These cries and the *pizzicato* air, followed by the Lydian measures so characteristic of Hawaii, were wafted back by a freshening breeze, and the nuns hurried over their beads the faster, to shut the evil noise from their souls. A priest, to whom I had given my seat by the rail, read his Breviary by the flooding moonlight, doubtless knowing it by rote, for his eyes wandered from the page often, and now and again closed, as his lips moved semi-automatically.

A little later the steward showed us our

berths. Mine was an upper one opposite the priest's, who was placed below a journalist. The latter was with a merry group at the cabin table, which was laden with food, and to which a servant constantly brought the iced drinks called for by those who were making a night of it. The priest crawled into his narrow bunk, leaving the door of the cabin open, as were all except the two in which the nuns suffocated from modesty. The priest was in dumb agony

—CONCLUDED ON PAGE THREE

Carmel News

THE FLOWER SHOW

After weeks of preparation the Flower Show will open tomorrow (Friday) at one o'clock, and be open until nine in the evening. The second day, Saturday, the hours for the show will be from ten in the morning until five in the afternoon. There will be no charge for admission.

All contributions of plants and cut flowers which owners wish returned are to be called for at five o'clock on Saturday. The cut flowers which are still in good condition will be sold at low prices to the public on Saturday at five to help defray the expenses of the show. It is hoped that all who have choice blooms, particularly delphiniums, columbine and iris, will bring them to the Court of the Golden Bough as soon after eight o'clock as possible on Friday.

Flowers will be needed in large quantities to decorate the Court and the exhibition windows opening on it. It is suggested to those bringing flowers that the best plan is to cut them the evening before and stand in water in a cool dark place.

Registration for the basket contest closed on April twenty-fifth. The baskets to be exhibited should be brought to the Court on Friday morning between nine and eleven-thirty. The general public will be the judge of this contest, everyone attending the show having the right to vote for the basket they think the most attractive. The votes will be counted at one o'clock on Saturday, May second. The prizes for this contest will be orders on local nurseries for five, three, and two dollars, the nurseries specified being those who have professionally contributed to the show.

Entries for the rose contest of single specimen blooms and a collection of six roses, alike or different, should be brought to the Court on Friday morning between nine and eleven-thirty. All roses must be named. In the case of six roses of one kind, one label will do for the six.

As announced before, the judge for the two rose contests will be Mrs. Charles C. Derby of San Jose, chairman of the 1931 Pacific Rose Conference, and Past California Vice President of the American Rose Society. Mrs. Derby has had years of experience in judging.

The first prize for the six best roses, alike or different, will be the Woman's Club Trophy, a beautiful silver cup, to be held for one year by the winner.

Ribbons will be given for the second and third prizes.

The prize offered for the best specimen rose is a beautiful pewter cup presented by Mr. and Mrs. Francis Lester, of the Garden Nurseries, Monterey. Ribbons will be the prizes for the second and third prizes in this class.

Exhibitors for the two rose contests are reminded that it is best to pick their roses the evening before and stand in water in a cool dark place. Be sure to pick your roses with a good long stem, and have the foliage clean and free from defects. A just-opening bud is best, as full blown blooms do not get the best judging. It is permissible to "clean" the blooms by removing any faulty outer petals.

It is hoped that the 1931 Flower Show will be a even greater success than that given by the Woman's Club in 1929.

A. F.

MEETINGS

The annual meeting of the Carmel Woman's Club will be held at the Girl Scout House, on Monday afternoon, May fourth, at two thirty.

The Garden section of the Carmel Woman's Club will meet at the home of Mrs. Kreps, Torres and Eighth, Thursday morning, May seventh, at ten o'clock.

The regular meeting of the Women's International League for Peace and Freedom will be held at the home of the Misses Kellogg, Casanova street near Ninth, Sunday evening May third, at eight. Mr. Ferdinand Haasis will lead a discussion on the Mandated Territories of the League of Nations. The meeting is open to everyone interested.

Delegates from Parent Teachers Associations throughout Monterey County will meet at Sunset School on Tuesday, May fifth, for a session of the County Council. After business has been disposed of, the Fifth Grade of Sunset School will present the play which it recently wrote and produced under the direction of Miss Baer and Miss Curry, and Mr. Bardarson will speak on "Some Problems in Dealing with Children."

The Carmel public, especially all members of the P. T. A., is invited to join the Council for a basket lunch at the school at one o'clock. Each person should bring a cup for the coffee, which will be furnished by the Carmel Association. Those who cannot come for the lunch, may come for the meeting at two.

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THE LOCAL OBSERVER

Says "The Pathfinder": "The town bard is not listed in the telephone book as a poet simply because he does not have a telephone." Now is that nice? Bert has a phone—two, in fact.

Having made a list of the somewhat odd and picturesque names of a number of Carmel's shops, a lady sends me in a list on names for prospective new shops. I quote the following: "The New Moon," "The Yellow Dog," "Poets and Peasants," etc.

A crying need in this city, a consummation devoutly desired, is street name signs at street corners. Visitors, and even residents, have a strenuous time getting about.

This is the alibi season for those Carmelites who failed to get into this year's "Who's Who." But why? Isn't Carmel "different"? Or, should we say, "indifferent."

Call it anything—board of trade, business league, business association, etc.—some sort of a business organization is imperative in Carmel. Such a body, now recognized as a necessity, would in no sense be a "boost" affair. Its function would be protective.

With the finest grammar school plant in Monterey County and with a continuously efficient faculty and board of trustees and the ability to offer more "needs" to pupils, consolidation of the Bay School down the coast and Carmelo School in Carmel Valley with Sunset School appears to be inevitable, and may result in lower school taxes.

The old saw, "People who live in glass houses, etc." might well be borne in mind by some people in this town who go out of their way to criticize others. Some day the "worm will turn,"—and how.

Frederick O'Brien, of "Paper Wings," speaks by radio every Thursday evening at half-past seven over KPO, San Francisco. He is beginning the second half dozen of his tales of travel and adventure. He talks only fifteen minutes. The stories are personal and lively.—Contributed.

THE CARMELITE: Printed and published weekly at Carmel-by-the-Sea, California. Editor and Publisher, J. A. COUGHLIN; Associate Editor, SALLIE LAWRENCE HUNTER; Business Manager, A. R. GLYNN. Entered as second-class matter February 21, 1922, at the Post Office at Carmel, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Subscription, two dollars per annum; single copies, five cents. Office of pub-

The Living Dead

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE

from nausea. The little steamer in the throes of the Molokai channel, with a head sea on, threw herself into the waves as does a drunken man aswimming. When a lurch to port hurled me to the floor I went on deck, escaping from my friends about the table by a subterfuge.

The *hula* was done, and the *tunes* and *wabines* snored as they lay prone. Men and women were mixed up indiscriminately in the contracted space, and heads were lost under the kerchiefs which shielded them from the moon that makes one mad. At three in the morning I slipped below. The wassail had died; men slept on chairs, or on the floor. Only the journalist poured himself a "ni" cap," assuring me with fervor that he was going to "snash lil shleep." He planted one unsteady foot in the middle of the unconscious priest, and pumped himself, with many puffings, to his upper berth. The patient blackrobe was forced onto the floor, where he opened his eyes confusedly, and stared about to find the nightmare that had trod upon him. And so we went to the Colony of the Dead in Life.

I got up again at half past four, as we came in sight of the leper settlement. It occupies a narrow shelf, green and picturesque. Back of it rises, solid and steep, a rugged wall of rock nearly half a mile high, a barrier astonishingly sheer and forbidding. If ever a place was framed by nature for the isolation of the accursed of nature, it is this Molokai ledge. The island is divided unevenly by a marvelous granite curtain, seeming to hang from the blue. Who tries to cross that dread divide, dies, if not on the bleak escarpment, then by the hands of the Clean on the Other Side, who will suffer no Unclean to come among them.

Landing from the steamer was not easy. There was no wharf, and the breakers dashed roughly on the shore at Kalapaupa. Vessels lie off several days sometimes, unable to land a boat. The "Miki-hala" put down clumsy yawls, and into each fifteen or more of us jumped from the gangway as it rose on the wave. We were all mixed up—whites and others, doctors, Sisters, writers, and the relations of lepers, who were the most of the Hawaiians.

A native editor, publishing still a tiny royalist paper under the Stars and Stripes, was in my boat. An abnormally stout man he was, with a clump of black whiskers, and, as always, coatless. It was said that he had no coat, but when an American judge threatened

him with contempt of court for appearing before him in his shirt, it developed that he had a coat at home for every pantaloan he wore. This morning he was morose, even fierce, at my greeting, as I peered at the crowd on the shore, anxious to see, dreading the sight. The boat brought up at a stone stairway sheltered by a small breakwater. I marked first a great sign, "Aloha," which, in Hawaiian means all things of good import,—welcome, goodbye, love and friendship.

Then I saw what, pray God, I shall never see again. There were hundreds of lepers at the brow of the hill we climbed. They waited like stones for our coming. Some stood in little groups. Others sat on the ground, and a few in their weakness lay flat, but with their eyes upon the landing. It was their last day of grace. When approach brought out the horrid work of the disease that afflicted them tears came unbidden. Dream the wildest and most hideous phantasmagoria of disfiguration, of fearful havoc in flesh, and you have not guessed at the actual horrors of Molokai. Faces which were mere intaglios were all about. Naked feet and hands, on which no toe or finger was. Blood-red pits where eyes had been. It was woe incarnate.

To us, the curious whites, they gave no heed, but when they saw their wives, husbands, fathers, mothers and children, they made an outcry that is indescribable. They flung themselves on their bosoms and glued their lips to those of their beloved ones, in the hot way of the Hawaiian. Scores prostrated themselves on the earth in the first abandon of the meeting. And all the while they kept up that most awful of Polynesian wails, "Auwe! Auwe!"

When the hundred who had come with us joined the thousand immured there, they hastened hand in hand or arms about shoulders to their homes all over the settlement. They spent the day, until we took ship again at dusk, embracing, kissing, eating and drinking and smoking, and in stories of their families. There was no restraint. For the last time, perhaps in the history of the world, they mixed, Clean and Unclean, and they made the most of it.

Hawaii had been taken by the United States, and sterner laws were to govern them. Massive screens already were being made to keep visitors yards apart from the Unclean. I passed the long hours in walking about the colony, and in converse with Brother Joseph Dutton, a soldier of the American civil war, who had held the dying Damien in his arms and now had taken his place as nurse of the putrescent. I knelt at the grave of the martyr whom Stevenson had so

bravely defended. In one darkened room there were, under the care of this modern Vincent de Paul, four lepers whose senses were gone. They saw not, neither did they hear, nor did they move. All day they sat in the obscurity, never speaking, immobile, inviting the grave-digger to rest them. Their faces and forms were like the fragments of statues found in ancient places. They waited for what Damien had told them he went to—the glory of a God Who chastens and rewards.

At dusk the whistle of the steamer called us to the boats. The parting of the Hawaiians was heartrending. Many had to be torn from the arms of their doomed kinsfolk. The shrieking was so piercing, their anguish so keen, that I could but think of the torments of the damned pictured by the prophets. The royalist editor wept bitterly as he caressed for the last time his daughter. Here and there the angelic form of a nun was seen, soothing the saddened souls of their charges.

When in the last boat I left the beach of Kalapaupa, my ears were filled with the wretchedness, my spirit cast down by the utter hopelessness of the physical and mental agony of the accursed and the others who would touch them no more. I recalled what Stevenson, who knew Molokai, had written:

To see the infinite pity of this place,
The mangled limb, the devastated
face,
The innocent sufferer smiling at the
rod—
A fool were tempted to deny his God.
He sees, he shrinks. But if he gaze
again,
Lo, beauty springing from the breast
of pain!
He marks the Sisters on the mournful
shores;
And even a fool is silent and adores.

More than thirty years ago, I set down the above in my journal. At the time, I was a resident of Hawaii. A few days ago, I read of the death in Hawaii of Brother Joseph Dutton, a Trappist monk. He went to Molokai forty-four years ago, having heard of Father Damien, and believing himself a sinner. "All I ask of God," he said to me, when he was about forty years old, "is to live as long on Molokai as I did in sin."

He was a happy saint; sensible, without any pretense of martyrdom. He lived to see the whole scene change at the Leper Settlement, to see hundreds of his charges released as cured, to witness science beginning to end leprosy. He died in the odor of sanctity, honored the world over, a greater man than Damien.

CHARLES COOPER IN
MAY RECITAL

Last summer, at one of the Wednesday Morning Recitals at the then Carmel Playhouse, now Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough, Carmel seems to have entertained a pianistic angel unawares. Charles Cooper, who after many years of teaching in Peabody Institute emerged as a virtuoso of first rank, gave his first recital in Carmel, where formerly he had spent many summers. Afterwards repeating his program in San Francisco, he was hailed by the redoubtable Alfred Metzger as "a giant of the keyboard." Mr. Metzger went on to say, not without a slightly acrid tone, "Why a pianist of such prodigious accomplishments has been permitted to reside here without being invited to appear as a soloist with the San Francisco Symphony is on a par with the mysterious influence that permits the orchestra to be reduced and first desk men to be shifted to inferior positions."

Mr. Cooper will play again at Carmel on Saturday evening, May ninth. This time it will be his farewell before leaving

for Austria, where he will join a notable faculty at Salzburg this summer. Of this fact Redfern Mason has the following to say: "It seems brutal irony that Charles Cooper should have to go and teach in Austria when his native San Francisco is in dire need of just such excellent artists as he Cooper is a type of artist Europeans know how to recognize and value. As yet we hardly seem to have reached the Old World standard."

Edward Kuster, who is presenting Mr. Cooper here next week, says: "The many local friends and admirers of Charles Cooper, who spent many summers here during his progress toward artistic maturity, will doubtless assemble to do honor to this new genius of the concert stage. Carmel is again in a fair way to achieve a name for recognizing artistic merit without the badge of a 'Made in New York' reputation. In this case, however, the artist's recent San Francisco triumphs should remove all doubt from the minds of those who are not quite sure that genius can be locally developed."

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Mr. Cooper's program follows:

1
32 Variations, C minor Beethoven
Caprice Gluck-Saint Saens
Symphonic Etudes Schumann
11
Nocturne Chopin
Waltz, G Flat
Op. 25, No. 12, C Minor.

111
Legend Albeniz
The Fountain of Acqua Paola Griffes
Rhapsodie No. 12 Liszt

MAORI FOLKLORE INTERPRETED

Bathie Stuart, New Zealander, will tell of that remnant of Polynesian peoples, the Maoris, in a recital of story, chant, and dance, in the Denny-Watrous Gallery on Saturday evening of this week, May second, at eight-thirty. Some fifty slides of the New Zealand country will accompany Miss Stuart's talk.

Miss Stuart has made a study of the development and progress of the Maoris, and is especially fitted for an appreciation of that ancient and romantic race. The first part of the evening she tells of the history and folklore of the Maoris; the second part is an illustration or interpretation of his culture in the form of chants, war dances, and varied expressions of the native mood. During this section of the program, Miss Stuart wears the traditional Maori costume, one which was given her by a native chief.

Bathie Stuart has recently appeared before Pro Musica in Seattle, and for the Gallerie Beaux Arts in San Francisco. In both cases enthusiasm over her presentation was great, and she is soon to go back to San Francisco on a return engagement.

A description of the program follows:

1. Descriptive talk on New Zealand and its people.
2. Slides depicting scenes in New Zealand and Maori life in Rotorua.
3. Chants, songs, and dances in native costume. Some of them are:
"Te Powhiri," tribal form of greeting known to Maoris as the "dance of the green branches."
"Song of the Paddle," ancient incantation relating to early Polynesian navigators.
"Pokarekare," quaint Maori love-songs from the Arawa tribe.
"Tangi," a Maori lament.
"Titi Toreia," native stick game.
The long and short string "Poi"
"The Watch Alarm," chant of defiance in war.
"Te Haka," Maori posture dances to accompaniment of tribal chanting.

DENNY
WATROUS

GALLERY

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA CALIF.

BATHIE STUART IN A PROGRAM OF
MAORI FOLK-SONGS, COSTUMES, DANCES, PICTURES
SAT. EVE. MAY 2 AT 8:30 **\$1**

EXHIBIT BY JOHN LANGLEY HOWARD

Mr. Howard will meet the public on Saturday, May 2, from two to five.

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(CARMEL PLAYHOUSE)

Edward Kuster

presents

The Eminent

American Pianist

CHARLES
COOPER

IN A DISTINGUISHED PROGRAM
SATURDAY EVE., MAY 9

Admission
\$1.00, \$1.50
Reservations Now

HENRY COWELL BACK FROM NEW YORK

Henry Cowell, who was one of the successful contestants for the Guggenheim Foundation for 1931-32, has returned to California, after six months in New York City, where, as member of the music faculty at the New School for Social Research, he has completed some twelve lecture-recitals.

Henry Cowell was the only musician from the United States this year who was given the award for the first time. He was chosen because of the significance of his proposed contribution to the subject of musicology. He will divide the year between Berlin and the Orient, studying the music systems of the world, and submitting a comparative estimate of their values. This is something that has never before been done, and it cannot but be of great importance.

At the request of a number of people, on Saturday evening, May sixteenth, Mr. Cowell will speak in the Denny-Watrous Gallery on the general subject of his research under the Guggenheim Foundation. He will discuss and illustrate the different scale systems of Java, Siam, China, the Indian, Europe, etc., further illustrating these by records of native music from these countries. The talk will be in no way too technical for the layman, but illuminating to all who take pleasure in different musics, and would like to know something about the fundamental construction that makes the variety.

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An early issue of "The American Mercury" will contain an article by Henry Cowell on "The Basis of Musical Pleasure," in continuation of the ideas advanced in Cowell's two recent articles in The Carmelite.

JOHN LANGLEY HOWARD

By HENRIETTA SHORE

An exhibition of the work of John Langley Howard is being shown at the Denny-Watrous Gallery. As some forty examples are shown, we have an excellent opportunity to gain knowledge of the general trend of thought and execution of this artist whom I consider to be one of the finest California has produced.

It is not my purpose to review this work with criticism, as I hold it to be both unwise and unkind for an artist to publicly criticize the work of a fellow artist. Neither shall I inflict upon you a scholastic discourse on art, as I did not come to Carmel to "educate the public." Rather, did I come because of my pleasure in the place and this pleasure has been increased because of my sympathy with the work of this artist.

John Langley Howard is a young man and his work contains youth. He is a student, in that he is an artist. He is a close student of Nature, of his materials, and of himself. Should he cease being a student, he will at that moment cease being an artist. His final word has not been spoken—in that respect he differs from many so-called artist whose final word was spoken shortly after taking up the tools of their profession.

I find Mr. Howard to be interested in painting. Interested in attaining complete mastery of his materials in order to fully express his interest in life. He is not in a groove, but is experimenting and eagerly alert for fresh discoveries. He is modern in that he is progressive, yet his work proves that he does not discard the traditions from which all fine art has grown.

There is no spirit of bravado to be found in this exhibition. Mr. Howard has not turned loose upon us a "John Langley Howard paint factory." Rather have

we the work of a quiet, contemplative man, studying with ever increasing knowledge how best to express the life around him. This serious study is enlivened by a sense of humor. "But," you say, "is humor essential in painting?" I know of no fine painting devoid of humor. Humor is necessarily as much a part of a painting as it is of speech—or of walking through life.

There is beauty of color as well as of water colors shown. His drawings in composition and form in the many their draughtsmanship give evidence of vision. They have delicacy—but a delicacy that does not evade.

Purposely I have not spoken of the individual pictures in this exhibition, as you will naturally wish to form your own opinion of each.

In seeing this exhibition of the work of John Langley Howard, I wish for you some of the pleasure I have experienced in learning to know his work.

* * *

Mr. Howard will be in the Gallery next Saturday afternoon, between two and five, to meet his friends and the general public.

VASIA ANIKIEFF IN RECITAL

Among the events scheduled to come to the Denny-Watrous Gallery is a song-recital by Vasia Anikieff, set for Saturday evening, May thirtieth. This announcement brings pleasure to all lovers of the voice, for doubtless there is no finer bass within its range to be heard anywhere.

VASIA ANIKIEFF

RUSSIAN BASSO

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**DENNY
WATROUS**

GALLERY

CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA CALIF.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT

**EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY
ASTON KNIGHT**

MAY 20—MAY 31

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EXHIBITION OF PAINTINGS BY
ASTON KNIGHT

Aston Knight, the well known American artist of Paris, had never been to California. For thirty-five years friends had invited him to come out to the Pacific Coast to admire and paint its beautiful scenery.

Normandy, however, kept the artist hard at work. Orders and more orders kept him at his easel and it was only last year, that Aston Knight saw a possible chance of leaving his wonderful Normandy home for a pleasure trip to our sunny land.

A pleasure trip for a family man who is also a landscape painter is rather a large order. Mrs. Knight, their son, George and Diane, their daughter, had to be of the party which Ridgway, their eldest son, now at the Harvard Business School, will join in June. Half a hundred framed pictures for exhibition purposes to say nothing of blank canvases and painting materials, had to be part of the baggage train. The caravan left Havre early in December on the French Line steamer "Wyoming," landing at Los Angeles December twenty-eighth after a very pleasant trip through the Panama Canal. Mrs. Wesley Davison, Mrs. Knight's twin sister, had taken rooms for them for three days at the Windermere Hotel at Santa Monica—they stayed for three months—Mr. Knight exhibiting at the Steindahl Galleries at the Ambassador Hotel as well as at the Biltmore Salon, both in Los Angeles.

Of course the charm of California inspired the artist and several views of Santa Monica and the hill gardens around Los Angeles were the result of many sunny days before the easel.

Then several orders of garden scenes took the artist to Santa Barbara, after which Mrs. Davison, still playing the part of an inspiring muse, lured the Knight family to the Pine Inn at Carmel. Of course, it was only for a few days, two or three, but we know Carmel and we know the Pine Inn. The Knight family will spend three months in Carmel and only leave in July to board the French Liner "Oregon" in San Francisco which will take them back to Havre and their home at Beaumont le Roger.

Aston Knight has just been holding two important exhibitions in San Francisco, one at the Palace of the Legion of Gallery, 480 Post street.

The Denny-Watrous Gallery has succeeded in inducing Aston Knight to let them exhibit some of his California work as well as a few examples of his

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Normandy paintings. It is the work of a man who sees nature with the eye of a poet and paints it with the hand of a—very good craftsman.

We can well understand how the Paris Salon jury gave Aston Knight both their gold medals in 1905 and 1906. Those were the only ones they could give, but since then the French government purchased three of this artist's paintings for the Luxembourg Museum collection and made him a Knight of the Legion of Honor in 1926, an officer of the same order in 1926.

In New York and the Eastern states, Aston Knight's work is as well known as in France.

The artist was a pupil of his father, Ridgway Knight, who studied under Meissonnier. This explains in part Aston Knight's love of detail, which, however, does not detract in case from the general effect. N.I.

CHARLOT AND OROZCO
IN NEW YORK

April has been a Mexican month at the Levy Galleries, in New York. Jean Charlot, French by name but Mexican by environment and spirit, heads the Mexican invasion with an exhibition of paintings until April twentieth, to be followed by showings of the work of Tamayo and Clausell. A prominent member of the modern movement in Mexico, Charlot stands well up with Diego Rivera and Jose Orozco, with whom the United States is already familiar. Charlot and Orozco have recently exhibited in Carmel at the Denny Watrous Gallery.

Margaret Breuning of the "Post" writes: "Mexico has loomed large upon our aesthetic horizon during this whole season. We have come to expect that the Mexican artist will be a realist and a symbolist at one and the same time. Charlot is no exception. He uses the figures of the life which environs him, Indians in some usual gesture of everyday life, yet strangely invested with a monumental dignity and an inescapable symbolic significance. The tendency to abstraction which marks Mexican art comes clearly enough from Aztec or Mayan pottery, carvings or frescoes; it is the accepted ideology of a race which seizes upon the concrete realism of natural forms to serve as a symbol of the mystery of life from which they spring."

"Though his name is French," said Royal Cortissoz of the "Herald Tribune," "Charlot has several generations of ancestors behind him on Mexican soil and thus he is in a true position to ex-

press the inner spirit of that people. He does so with a sober, earthly sort of poetry in words which, if not uniformly impressive, are usually powerful and deeply in earnest. One imagines him having close contact with the art of the ancient Mayan civilization of Yucatan."

The popularity of New Mexico as a background for paintings is gaining steadily. Loran F. Wilford, through his exhibition at the Ferargil Galleries, is the latest artist to win critical praise for the depiction of life around the famous art colonies of Taos and Santa Fe. The "Herald Tribune" said of his water colors: "Mr. Wilford employs the medium with good authority and his views are extremely colorful. This artist, a Kansan by birth, is especially intent upon the life of the region, taking colorful note of Indian types and by their means giving his work a lively, illustrative flavor."

Hamilton Wolf's "Self-Portrait," which created quite a furor when shown at the Berkeley Art Museum's annual "no-jury" show, will be exhibited at the San Francisco Art Association's annual at the California Palace of the Legion of Honor. Wolf, son of the American engraver, Henry Wolf, is a teacher as well as painter. The following excerpt is taken from one of his lectures in the Extension Department of the University of California: "When painting one should eliminate from one's mind the work of all other artists, so that one's own vision and problem may be realized in one's own way. Not to go back to the same subject, but always to seek new roads. Not to change one's technique, but to vary one's theme. Every great work has an emotional element. It is the divine gift. The ideal work of art is one with this emotional element made fine by consummate draftsmanship."

Joseph Kleitsch, Hunyad-Californian, is holding his first one-man show in three years at the Stendahl Art Galleries, Los Angeles, during April. Breaking away from painting Spanish missions and flowers, Kleitsch has allowed himself to be intrigued by everything that nature can offer, including faces.

"Painting is always a joyous adventure for Joseph Kleitsch," writes Sonia Wolfson, in the Los Angeles "Topic's of the Town," "and because it is, and also because he is a splendid draftsman, because he paints with conviction and sincerity as well as with imagination and zest, an exhibition by him is a joyous adventure to his audience."

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MONTEREY AGENT

On Paper Wings

By FREDERICK O'BRIEN

RASKOB, Democratic party chairman, demands his party openly urge a wet country. McAdoo, former secretary of the treasury, son-in-law of Woodrow Wilson, lambastes Raskob. McAdoo is as dry as a fossil dinosaur egg in the Gobi desert. He wants to be the next President. If neither the donkey nor the elephant offers to swim in the coming event, some duckbilled platybus of a party will enter for the moist stakes.

§ §

Dr. LEO STANLEY, famous prison physician, at San Quentin, says there's no standard crooked mug. The average convict looks like most outsiders. Perhaps, the only difference is that most of us haven't been caught with the goods. Recently, at San Quentin I told adventure yarns to as appreciative a crowd, (a couple of hundred), as I've had. The best laughter was as black as Mussolini's brow, a horse thief; the sourest had stolen eight million dollars, a Los Angelenan. The least interested was a former district attorney, who had sent a thousand men to San Quentin, and is there, himself.

§ §

ALL passengers in airliners should wear parachutes. It's a terrible bother, though, and napping with a 'chute strapped to one's back is very discombobulating. Of course, when a wing breaks off, or the motor stops, a 'chute comes in handy on the way down. But, the fact is we reckon little about death. Look at the stuff we drink; the drivers we motor with!

§ §

THE king and queen of Spain before a brilliant court array washed the feet of twelve beggars to show their humility,—royal humility. The queen wore a gown of gold lace, with a ponderous collar of diamonds. The basins were of solid silver, the towels of rare lace. "Well, queen, here's my foot, but don't tickle, and leave the basin behind. I'll use it for salad."

Lastima! I wrote the above the day before Alfonso was kicked out of Spain. From Paris cables, it seems he took all the basins with him. But, they will hold no washing water for beggars, after this.

§ §

COLORFUL commentators on our near past search the newspapers, and especially, the advertisements for a reflection of our desires of that day; our morals,

manners and quirks. In the San Francisco "Chronicle" of a few days ago, I found, under, *Help Wanted, Female:*

GIRL, full 6 feet in stocking feet; splendid opportunity; special part in dramatic production; age between 18-24; no glasses; photo helpful; state exact height and age. Apply Richard Pitman, 1674 Broadway, New York city.

That phrase *stocking feet* was one of the niceties of journalism, invented in New England generations ago, when even bare feet were shocking. This magnificent specimen of girlhood wanted for a splendid opportunity, doubtless, has naked trillies, but she must not be measured in them, exposed. Well, stockings do better the looks of tootsies on a six-foot girl. After all, advertising is the real art of America.

Another sign of our crowded times, I found in the same "Chronicle," under, *For Sale or Exchange:*

Use up-to-date septic steel tanks; rust proof; will accommodate seven persons; \$20. Central Plumbing Supply Co., 857 Mission st.

That beat's a Ford, which will hold at the most five or six people. And a home for \$20! Commodities are coming down.

§ §

FIFTY-FIVE artists of San Francisco will cease renting their pictures and other creations. Some are stolen, some injured, others rentally unpaid. The artists will sell on the installment plan. Art is long and patrons short.

§ §

SOAP, among the few manufactured things, remains normal as to sales. B. O. is still a dread. My grandmother rolled her own from table fats. It added to the terrors of the weekly bath. It killed B. O., as a polecat does the scent of wild flowers.

§ §

GRACE CHURCH of New York lost half its marriage patronage. The Rector refused to tie any couple not pledging to join some church of his belief. He was piling Ossa on Pelion. My sermons all come over radio; until I twirl the dial.

§ §

WASN'T it fit that the Nobel prize money awarded Sinclair Lewis for writing those abominable indictments of our hundred-per-cent American life, should have been earned by Mr. Nobel by inventing dynamite? I think so. It is true that every country has its Main Streets and Babbitts, and their denouncing commentators, for Petronius, Ibsen, Barbusse, Zola, even, Thackeray and Flaubert, and, perhaps, Don Quixote's

creator, were *Main Streeters*. But Lewis is dynamite to America. Being himself Babbitt, living always on Main Street, he was able to shoot the works he practiced everyday. He knew just where to place the dynamite.

§ §

IN mimic battle, the "Glorious," a British airplane carrier, in collision with a liner, made spirits of thirty-two passengers. Pre-war stuff. Glorious!

§ §

MANY magazines have ceased to be in the last hard times. Yet, there seems always place for new and different ones. "Time," "Fortune," "The Reader's Digest" are all successful novelties. Like the tabloid dailies in New York and Chicago they appeal to tastes very far apart, not before aroused. The Carmelite can never be of very large circulation because it is not in or near a centre of distribution, yet, in California it might, some day, have 20,000 readers. No San Francisco weekly or monthly has any wide repute or circulation. They have failed by yielding all points to money, and employing commonplace writers. Of course, there have been exceptions, but dulness is their non-shining quality.

§ §

SOMETIMES when asked if I've read a certain book, I reply, "Yes," when I've read only a review of it. I forget for the moment. But many people read review weeklies or pages of dailies, and really think they've encompassed the books mentioned. Maybe, book reviews are not appetizers but merely malted-milks.

§ §

My phone rang.

"You don't know me, Mr. O'Brien, but I'm a friend of Mr. Teackle, who teaches short story writin'. I'd like to have five minutes with you. I got nothin' to sell."

I was afraid. That fullerbrushes man might be in disguise, or one of those old gentlemen working their way through college by selling magazines.

"I'm awful busy. Where do you live?" "Oakland."

"It's too far to come over here to talk to me. Tell it over the phone."

"I can't do that. It's very important to me. I'm not in Oakland now. I'm in five minutes of your house."

"Well, all right, come along."

Really, I suspected he was an author with a mss. for me to read. He was about fifty-five, a short, powerful man of the foreman type, weathered and hard, and with a small, brownish wig covering the top of his head. He had a dead cigar butt in his hand.

"Excuse me for bustin' in on you this way, but Mr. Teackle suggested it. I'm

a mining man. I buy and sell mines in the northwest. The last two years I been paying most o' my attention to writin'. I been takin' the Teackle course since last fall, and I think I'm through. What gets me is that no magazine won't take my stuff. Now, bein' a business man, too, I made up my mind to sell my stuff like I would a mine. I had six copies made o' this—he produced a typescript from his pocket—and I sent them all to the "True Story." I sent one to the president, one to the vice president, treasurer, editor, business manager and the secretary. Darn me, if I didn't get 'em all back. Now, I want to read you—"

"Please, now listen, I'm a working man, and I've got to get back and finish a piece or I'll fail to keep my word."

"That's right, I know. But, listen just to this," and despite all, he read:

The sobs moderated and ceased. He blew a column of cigarette smoke into the girl's face.

"Stop, stop, there's my phone. I'm sorry but I got to go."

He left two msses. on the radio.

"I'm only a miner, but I know life. Why, I've paid over six hundred dollars to typists alone the last two years. Say, don't you think I'm through with Teackle. I know the thing is you got to know the editor or have a pull. Do you know anyone on Liberty or Collier's . . . Teackle . . ."

Now comes a letter from the mining author:

I want to thank you for asking me to leave with you those two short stories. Would you consider taking a few of my best stories (one "Tiburcio Bonzana's Woman") ten thousand words—"Buggy," a ranch romance, smooth paper styles and trying to place on a fifty-fifty split, I furnish funds for postage.

P. S. What I enjoy—is improving and critisizing up my stuff after I get a good start on a yarn.

Some day Teackle may turn out an author who will take him for a ride.

§ §

"BLUE GHOST" is a new book about Lafcadio Hearn, who was mostly known to his generation as having had a negro mistress in America, and a Japanese wife in Japan. He was a genius of words and moods, was queerly sensitive to light, people and environments. Among the few white people at his funeral in Japan I was one, having known him slightly in Yokohama. His book on Martinique, his letters from New Orleans, are distinguished by zest, taste and immense literary knowledge.

DAVID STARR JORDAN

Some Reminiscences of the Famous Californian, Transcribed by C. H. B.

This morning while in the garden, my neighbor, Dr. Belknap, appeared.

She was overflowing with a great subject, and like a flame radiated it. Immediately, almost without a "Good morning," she said, "He is the greatest man in our country." He was the greatest pacifist of us all through the past fifty years. Almost his heart broke with the war. He inspired everybody about the campus with his definition of a great man. Himself great in the simplest things, he once kept a huge class waiting while he held his wife's hand, who was suffering. "He"—well, full of memories of other days when she, a refuge from the San Francisco earthquake, had lived near to him and learned much of him through intimate homely contacts as well as in the class room . . .

* * *

She wandered on—"A great man is invariably a good man," he said."

"But one of the boys questioned: 'What about Napoleon?' Pausing until the hall was silent, he replied, 'Napoleon was neither a good man nor a great one'."

* * *

Every boy from a far or foreign land he has made his special care, as if to sow the seed of his great idea, Peace, where it might develop and spread more widely over the earth.

* * *

Of the Japanese and Chinese he has ever championed the Cause, tender and merciful—a big heart. Always through him their messages reached our government. Later he visited their countries many times and continued, in more intimate contacts with their leaders, his mission. He singled out from men and women who attended his classes, those he knew by instinct needed help.

* * *

Luther Burbank, after attending classes, was asked to deliver a course of lectures on his important and interesting subject. He felt he could not. He was timid, shy, embarrassed. Dr. Jordan divided the student class into sections, and sitting close beside Burbank, led the lecturer on by asking a single question at a time. Burbank answered, grew unconscious while taking to Dr. Jordan of the many eyes upon him. Question followed question until, lost in his subject, the shy, reserved scholar found himself a lecturer and later delivered interesting courses at the university and elsewhere.

* * *

He is in reality a deeply religious man,

though often dubbed pagan. The Methodist's Church hesitates to ask him to talk in their pulpit. He is a charter member of the little Unitarian Church in Palo Alto, and frequently gives addresses there.

* * *

Once a year he lectured to the class about genealogy. Illustration of his talk, he put upon the blackboard a part of his own family tree. Once he paused with his chalk, saying, "I would rather not discuss the branches along here—most of them lead to scalawags—family trees do. But I must finish the lecture—and then, boys, forget family trees. Only be sure to make a good branch yourself."

* * *

The years just prior to the war heard many lectures from him on the subject of Peace. One, interrupting at a lecture, questioned, "Isn't that last remark against the Constitution of the United States, Dr. Jordan?" Pointing to his copy of the remark on the blackboard, he said, "That is the Constitution, word for word."

* * *

She said she scarcely remembered a lecture that he did not adorn with the poetry he loved. He advised the boys to commit to memory great poems, yes, and small ones. All their lives these would be riches ever at hand. A long, lonely ride through the desert at night he, the Doctor, had brightened and shortened by his gay memories at command.

* * *

His autobiography entitled "The Days of the Man"—his life from 1859 through the World War, is simple, eloquent writing with every line, and the little dollar books containing each a lecture. We shall not want when he is gone.

* * *

Still inspired with her memories, she broke into the following lines which she had heard him repeat more than once while the class sat spellbound.

A darkening sky and a whitening sea
And a wind in the pale trees tall,
Soon or late comes the call for me,
Down from the mountain or up from
the sea,
Then let me lie where I fall.

* * *

And this of his own—

For love with the rest thou givest
me here,
And love is heaven's own atmosphere.
Lo! have I dwelt with love day by
day.

No more can I do through Eternity.

Kino Bay Notes

By PORTER EMERSON BROWNE

Fernando Canou, the Will Beebe of Kino Bay, has visited us and given us a most illuminating lecture on the proper way to catch sharks. The most approved method is to get a one legged man who is a good swimmer. Provide him with an artificial leg and put him in the water. The leg is filled with sawdust. The shark as you know, has to turn on its back when biting its prey. This means that its eyes are on the other side of its head. As its eyes thus are averted, the swimmer puts his artificial leg in the shark's mouth. The shark clamps down on it. The sawdust gets in

his mouth and nose and he coughs himself to death. This does not spoil him for eating.

* * *

Santo Blanco Dimph was discovered carrying an empty gasoline can up to Frank Byrne's room. Now we know who got Frank's union suit. Though why we have not yet discovered. A Seri with underclothes is as incongruous as a sea lion with goloshes. Nature still holds many mysteries.

* * *

Romano Glug has started an innovation among the fair sex at Seriville. She wears the Washburn Flour label on her front, instead of her aft, elevation.

* * *

Juan Moreno was a pleasant caller Wednesday. Juan is never lonely. His

THE CARMELITE, APRIL 30, 1931

family numbers twenty-four head, corral count. His brother Antonio, not the well known cine star, dropped in for comida Thursday. The Morenos are always welcome, being of the same gent as your scribe, Moreno being Brown in Spanish.

* * *

Captain W. R. Richardson of the *Nella* left for the shark fishing grounds last week. As he only has with him Ferando Murillo and his son, the chances are he'll be back shortly. Both had two legs when they left.

* * *

The two sons of Jose Gonzales, *ranchero*, of Las Animas Bay got two mountain sheep Wednesday, within an hour of their casa. They could have had four. But Mexican hunters never kill more than they can use.*

* * *

The record for getting rid of ammunition at Kino Bay is held by Seward Brisbane. On his recent visit here he shot off two thousand rounds in two days. His bag included buzzards, pelicans, sea gulls, and, water, sky, cans and other things. He almost got a dog and a Seri. Better luck next time, Seward.

* * *

That time Frank Sheridan put those two Seris to work for two days has got us all mixed up. Before then, all we had to do every week was put down the Seri unemployment statistics as 00, normal, and let it go at that. Now we're mixed up with a lot of decimal points just like Roger Babson or somebody. Because that day, employment rose to .02. The next day, naturally, it was .01. The day after that, .005. The day after that .001. The day after that .0005. And so on. It now is .0000000005. We're still staying with it. Accuracy is our middle name. American unemployment is normal, .002. Mexican also normal, .04. The Mexicans keep us figuring, for some days the wind blows and they don't go fishing. So we have to do a lot of census work. But the Seri was the job we loved until Frank came down and spoiled it. Ned Sparks didn't. Ned dosen't give a cuss if nobody ever works.

* * *

The trade winds blow every day reminding us of Masfield's song, about the loveliest ever written.

* * *

Some more important Sidebottom discoveries next week! World compelling and momentous! They will be found solely in The Carmelite. Subscribe for yourself and friends. Make it a five year subscription and pay in cash.

* A dirty crack at a lot of American so-called sportsmen.

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THOUGHTS ON FUNERALS

By FRANK SHERIDAN

I went to the funeral of Jim Neill. It was held in a pretty little church in a beautiful park in Glendale. It was a busy little church, too; we waited for the three o'clock service to finish and we found another client waiting our exit. I guess that the business depression throughout the land doesn't affect the undertakers; with them business seems to be as usual.

The chapel inside was a cheery place; it had a warm, friendly feeling that might offend the ones who love to grieve, but made me glad for Jim's sake. It was packed, mostly fellow actors, and many waited outside. That would have pleased Jim also—doing a capacity business on his farewell appearance.

The service was conducted by a most worthy and noble order of which he was an esteemed and loyal member. The ceremony was well written and well delivered—but Jim was an actor, and I thought that the same lines and business would be served, without a word being changed, over the body of a merchant, a truck-driver, a baker, or a politician if he were a member of that lodge. How could the rites mean anything to James Neill, an actor of many parts.

The minister read from the prayer book the same cut and dried lines that he had read many times, over many of all ages and all sexes. Those words didn't apply to Jim. The minister read them—Jim would have asked were he able: "Why in blazes don't you learn your lines? Don't sing them, man, speak as if you were talking to me about the beauty of my rose garden; but whether you can or not—learn your part, letter perfect, it's a part worthy of anyone."

Many of the lookers-on have the age-old funeral gloom on their faces. Some of us are thinking of Jim as we knew him in the theatre, in the club. Why, it was only a couple of weeks ago we were laughing and joking together—a good story-teller was Jim. Gloom never perched on his brow. Displeasure over injustice, anger from finding treachery in a companion would give birth to a scowl; but gloom and Jim Neill were strangers.

More of the service; more of the singing, unmeaning prayers. Is this all for one whom we loved? Will no one speak of our Jim Neill?

The officer conducting the service comes forward to tell us something. Glory be to the God that Jim believed

in, Billy De Mille is called upon to give us what we hungered for.

Then we heard in simple words a tribute to his father's friend, to the man who had known him since childhood, that will live long with us. It came like a gentle rain on parched ground. It was a picture of the Jim Neill we knew and loved. It had sorrow, but not woe. It carried regret but no grief. William De Mille, I thank you.

I stood on the lawn as the casket was taken out of the church and wondered why all the wailing and crying over death; why the somber faces at the passing away of any human—that is if the religious believe in their creeds. It seems to me that since all religious have a heaven, that this life is but a junction point in a season of one night stands—with just time to go from one train to another.

The ancient Irish had a custom of crying and "keening" when a child came into this "vale of tears," and rejoicing when any of them went out to find whatever heaven the Druids believed in—I don't remember reading of any hell they patronized. Not a bad idea those Celts had about life.

The next day I learned that the righteous and godly were shocked and indignant because Edgar Norton and myself, to settle an argument on the lawn before the service, had flipped a coin to decide which of us would be the stage-manager at the other's funeral. I lost. Edgar is to die first.

Mister and Missus Longface around here think our actions terrible. That we "should be ashamed of making sport of death."

Well, why not? I ask.

ALIAS

A certain young man who is a sensation at pitching in the Abalone League has now gained fame in another way. He works hard every Sunday on the diamond and for a pastime during the week handles the cold cash in the *Exchequer de Carmel*.

Extended association with the cold coin has developed a peculiar longing for coffee devoid of heat. So every morning at nine, after opening the portal of finance and placing the welcome mat, the Chancellor strolls down the nearer side of Ocean Avenue to fall among friends at Whitney's, where the refreshing cup of cold Java awaits him. Because of the many friends of the wizard of finance, the coffee-cooling process at Whitney's has become precarious. A thirsty wanderer often absorbed the beverage before Charlie ar-

rived, thus causing great delay in financial circles, to cool a second cup.

Last Friday the problem was solved by loving friends. When the money monarch arrived at Whitney's, there on the table was the cold cup protected by a beautifully engraved copper plate reading: "RESERVED FOR COLD-COFFEE CHARLIE."

—Contributed.

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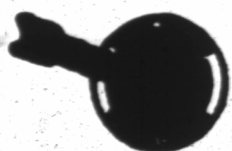
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THE FOREST THEATER

The Forest Theatre program is now complete for the season. The production on July first, second, third and fourth, of Elliott Durham's original musical comedy "Yes Doctor" has already been announced. Rehearsals directed by the author-composer, are being held in Monterey to accommodate the large number of singers and dancers from "over the hill." As soon as the new stage is ready, rehearsals will be transferred to the Forest Theater.

The second production of Carmel's community open-air season will be Shakespeare's delightful woodland comedy, "A Midsummer-Night's Dream," to be staged under the direction of Herbert Heron, on July thirtieth and thirty-first and August first. Great interest has been aroused by the announcement of this production owing to its beauty and suitability to the Forest Theater.

The third event of the season, decided upon at the meeting of the board of directors on Tuesday evening, is to be a production of an original romantic comedy, "Love-Liars," by Herbert Heron and Constance Skinner. The latter, besides being the author of several successful novels, some popular juveniles, considerable historical work, and well-known for her poetry, is the author of "David," the beautiful Biblical drama with which the Forest Theater was opened twenty-one years ago. Herbert Heron, co-author of the comedy, played the title role in "David."

* * *

Annual subscription dues (two dollars)

TO MY FRIENDS:

I am your "Forest Theater" where all of you and your friends gather each summer to enjoy my plays. During the past season three thousand two hundred of you met in my forest home to enjoy drama, comedy and tragedy. Did any of you stop to consider what made this possible?

My directors, chosen from among yourselves, have tirelessly guided the activities centered about me. They have been augmented by the production directors, actors and actresses, not forgetting those who have given of their time to form the mobs, as well as costumers, electrical and stage mechanics. All have done their share. May I take this opportunity of thanking them?

Not only must I have your active but your financial support as well. The price you pay for admittance to my plays is not sufficient to permit me to carry on. Each year I make an appeal to my supporters to become members of my organization, with the privilege of voting at the annual election of my directorate. I ask each member to send me two dollars. Surely this is not asking too much of you if you consider my position in your community. If my many friends will show their appreciation of my activities in this way I will be assured of sufficient funds to carry on thru another successful season.

You must bear in mind that not only have I fixed charges to meet each year but besides there are a number of extra expenses this season such as resurfacing the stage, improvements in the electrical equipment etc.

Do YOU need me? Shall I carry on? Show me that you do.

THE FOREST THEATER.

THE CARMELITE, APRIL 30, 1931

OUKRAINSKY RECITAL

Willette Allen had every reason to be pleased with the reception Carmel accorded her former instructor, Serge Oukrainsky. Capacity houses greeted the ballet master and his company at two performances, Saturday and Sunday, at the Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough. Willette Allen was assisting artist.

Prime favorite (without too much provincialism) was Willette Allen, although other members of the troupe showed to good advantage. Oukrainsky was best received in his duet numbers, seemingly encountering the confirmed dislike of American audiences for male dancers in highly "interpretative" roles. His "Machine Dance" was the exception. Ruth Kahman and Oukrainsky caught the fancy of the audience in a whimsical number "Flirtation, 1870."

Colleen Clancy in solo numbers gave a good performance.

Madelaine Royle at the piano was competent but at times the inevitable thinness of a single instrument was too evident. Her solo numbers were given a disproportional share in the program.

This reviewer would gladly have exchanged all of the "fill-in" pieces for a single encore by Willette Allen. J.C.

are now being received by the treasurer, Lita Bathen. A reminder issued to present and prospective members includes the following letter drafted by Leo A. Ross, secretary:

FIRST NIGHTS FOR
SUBSCRIBERS ONLY

Edward Kuster announces that only two weeks remain before it will be necessary to close the season ticket subscription list of the Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough. If the volume of ticket sales warrants proceeding with the play season, a series of seven productions will be made, beginning with Sherwood's comedy of royalty off-parade, "The Queen's Husband."

Mr. Kuster, to whose energies were due the successful seasons at the original Theatre of the Golden Bough several years ago, is confident that the Peninsula will line up with the communities which are, all over the country, organizing to preserve stage drama. At the Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough, there will be a return to the "first nights" of former years, when only season ticket subscribers and their guests holding season coupons were admitted, no tickets being placed on general sale for such opening nights. This plan, it is stated, is particularly necessary at the Studio Theatre on account of the limited capacity, which last year was taxed at every opening night by individual ticket buyers, in many instances depriving season ticket holders of the play-lover's special pleasure in a "Premiere."



Bathie Stuart, in folk-lore recital at Denny-Watrous Gallery, Saturday evening.

THE NEW PLAY SEASON

SOME QUESTIONS AND AN APPEAL

The following statement, issued with the Oukrainsky-Allen program is republished for general information.

Is there not a real craving on the part of a substantial portion of the Monterey Peninsula public for the spoken drama of the stage, supplementing now and then the standardized entertainment offered by the screen?

Shall not this Theatre be maintained as a place for the presentation of music, dance and stage drama, or *must it go the way of the original Theatre of the Golden Bough, becoming a mechanical movie?*

Last year, in a short but singularly effective season, the amateur workers of this Theatre in combination with a stabilized and interested local audience succeeded in re-establishing this community's eminence in creative dramatic activity, an eminence immediately recognized by the press of this and other States.

Last year's play season would have been impossible but for a compact group of season ticket holders, who constituted the nucleus of the audience for each production, not only maintaining the financial stability of the Theatre but also furnishing an organized body of opinion to which the workers felt responsible.

We are asked: is the season ticket plan necessary or usual?

In "Footlights Across America," the Little Theatre survey sponsored by the Carnegie Foundation, Mr. Kenneth McGowan has conclusively shown that audience organization by way of memberships or season tickets is *"The only financial set-up that can present spoken drama in small towns and still pay the bills."* Last year, in our own case, we paid our bills, but without a dollar to spare.

Again, the famous "Pasadena Questionnaire" elicited the fact that out of sixty-nine local theatres in America that have attained a position of financial equilibrium as well as of theatrical importance, *all but four sell either memberships or season tickets, or both.* As with us, in these cases local exigencies in casting prohibit the announcement of more

than one or two plays in advance of production.

What of our new plays? The first play of the proposed new Peninsula season, Sherwood's splendid comedy, "The Queen's Husband," has been tentatively announced for May 28-30. Other plays under consideration are Hasenclever's "Marriages Are Made in Heaven," the first production in English of a brilliant Reinhardt success; Elmer Rice's "Such Is Life"; Leonhard Frank's "Karl and Anna"; a revival of "They Knew What They Wanted"; a Galsworthy play; and one of the new Broadway comedies.

Royalty contracts on "The Queen's Husband," already in rehearsal, as well as on other plays, must be entered into almost immediately. *Only fourteen days remain* for bringing the season subscriptions up to last year's mark, the minimum figure on which the Theatre can operate, even at cost.

This announcement is not propaganda for stage drama. The question whether or no it is desirable to have on Monterey Peninsula an annual season of fine plays enacted before your eyes by human beings is for you to decide without pressure from us of the Theatre. All we can say is that in these times of intense and incessant talkie and radio competition *a local theatre which attempts to live from hand to mouth, by single ticket sales alone, will perish.*

If you do not wish to sign the accompanying postcard here and now, take it home and think this over. If you have already sent in a similar card, please pass the whole matter over to a friend. Mr. McGowan well says, "Each community will find its own level of expression and entertainment."

The Theatre management must come to decision on this matter not later than May 10th. Inquiries will be gladly answered.

Address
Miss Frances Baker, Secretary,
Studio Theatre of the Golden Bough,
Carmel.

TRAVEL

Carmel-Monterey Bus Service—

To Monterey: 8:20; 9:30; 11 a.m.; 12:45; 2:30; 5:00; 6:00 p.m.

Monterey to Carmel: 8:45; 10:30; 12 noon; 1:30; 3:45; 5:15; 6:30 p.m.

Train Departures (Monterey)—

6:33 a.m., for San Jose and San Fran.

9:05 a.m., for San Jose, San Fran.

10:11 a.m., for Los Angeles, way

Change at Watsonville Jct. for L.A.

10:11, for San Luis Obispo, Santa Barbara and L. A.

1:20 p.m., for San Jose and San Fran.

Change San Jose for Oakland.

4:07 p.m., for San Jose and San Fran.

6:53 p.m., for San Jose and San Fran.

8:25 p.m., for Santa Barbara-L. A. Through Pullman.

For more detailed information, telephone Southern Pacific, Monterey 139.

C. M. VANCE, Agent.

Motor Bus Services from Monterey—

To Salinas, San Jose, San Francisco, Oakland and int. points: 8:15, 11 a.m.; 1:05, 4:00, 6:20, 6:50 p.m.

To Santa Barbara, Los Angeles and int. points, 8:15, 11 a.m.; 4, 6:20 p.m.

San Francisco via Santa Cruz-Watsonville, 1:05 p.m.

Watsonville-Santa Cruz, 6:30 a.m., 1:05 p.m., 6:50 p.m.

Merced, Fresno, Yosemite, San Joaquin Valley, 8:15 a.m.

Portland, Seattle, Vancouver, 8:15, 11 a.m., 1:05, 4:00, 6:20 p.m.

Daily schedules east via S. F. or L. A.

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FROM CARMEL. The Triangle Taxi Transit Company will connect you with any train or stage. Just telephone Carmel 9964 thirty minutes before time train or stage departure. Our low rate for this special service is as follows: One or two persons, \$1.00; each additional person, 50c. No charge for hand baggage.)

Union Transfer and Storage Company, trunk service, \$1.50; each additional trunk, 50c. Telephone Carmel 9964.

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Books

CACTUS vs. CACTI

In "The Cactus Book," by Dr. A. D. Houghton, (The Macmillan Co., New York) the author relates: "... years ago a neighbor who specialized in teaching backward children brought me a beautiful purple-flowered Cactus to name for her. The first book available was an old botany with a fairly good picture of the plant I held in my hand; underneath was the title *Mammillaria grahamii*. The plant so misnamed was *Opuntia basilaris*. Feeling challenged, my next step was to look up reliable literature on the subject of the Cacti. There was no reliable popular literature on the subject . . ."

So, for the layman, as well as the collector, with "Cactusitis, a well-known disease," which, "once it fastens itself on a person, is never cured," Dr. Houghton has written his book.

"Why bother with the spiny brutes?" he was often asked. "The cacti contain more and greater beauties of adaption than the orchid, larger flowers than the iris, and more beautiful colorings than the rose," was his reply. "Spines are sometimes of such beauty as to rival the feathers of the Bird of Paradise."

There are about fifteen hundred kinds of cacti dealt with in the book. Various chapters deal with their geographic distribution, climates and soils; growing your own plants from seeds and cuttings; watering and care; use in rock gardens, landscapes, and indoors in bowls; the growing habits and the colorings of their many flowers.

Dr. Houghton enlightens his reader: "When you speak of one plant you say, 'Cactus,'—when of more than one, you say 'Cacti.'" A.R.G.

LATEST BOOKS AT THE LIBRARY

Non-Fiction

Baird—Make-up; a manual for the use of actors.

Beaux—Background with Figures.

Bennett—Journal of thing new and old.

Einstein—Cosmic Religion.

Gessner—Massacre; A survey of today's American Indian.

Healy—Catholic Teachings.

Jeans—The Stars in Their Courses.

THE CARMELITE, APRIL 30, 1931

Madariaga—Americans.

Norris—Digging in Yucatan.

Ortloff—Perennial Gardens.

Ramsey—Garden Pools Large and Small.

Redfield—Tepoztlan, A Mexican Village; A study of folk life.

Repplier—Mere Marie of the Ursulines.

Thomas—America's Way Out; A program for democracy.

Willis—Living Africa; A geologist's wanderings

Fiction

Ayscough—The Tragedy of Ah Qui.

Chamberlain—River to the Sea.

Gibbs—The Winding Lane.

Greene—The Name of Action.

Herbert—Topsy.

Jameson—A Richer Dust.

Mundy—Jimgrin.

Walpole—Above the Dark Tumult.

Juvenile

Donauer—The Long Defence.

France—Our Children.

McCoy—Jupie and the Wise Old Owl.

Additional Books from the County

Duncan—Prehistoric Man.

Dunn—Labor and Automobiles.

de Prorok—Mysterious Sahara.

Saxon—Father Mississippi.

Tomlinson—Best Short Stories of the War.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE CHURCH

"Everlasting Punishment" will be the subject of the Lesson-Sermon Sunday, May third, in all Churches of Christ, Scientist, branches of The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass.

The citations which comprise the Lesson-Sermon will include the following from the Bible: "Thus saith the Lord, Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls. But they said, We will not walk therein. Hear, O earth; behold, I will bring evil upon this people, even the fruit of their thoughts, because they have not hearkened unto my words, nor to my law, but rejected it" (Jer. 6:16, 19).

The Lesson-Sermon will also include the following passage from the Christian Science textbook, "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," by Mary Baker Eddy: "The purpose and motive to live aright can be gained now. This point won, you have started as you should. You have begun at the numeration-table of Christian Science, and nothing but wrong intention can hinder your advancement. Working and praying with true motives, your Father will open the way. 'Who did hinder you, that ye should not obey the truth?' " (p. 326).

TAXI *Carmel Taxi Service*
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LEGAL NOTIFICATION

ORDINANCE NO. 110

AN ORDINANCE APPROVING THE APPLICATION OF FRED LEIDIG, FOR A PERMIT TO ERECT AND MAINTAIN AN AUTOMOBILE GARAGE, ETC., ON LOTS 20 and 22 IN BLOCK 77 AS PER "MAP OF CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, MONTEREY COUNTY, CALIFORNIA"

WHEREAS, it satisfactorily appears to the Council of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea that the consent in writing of at least two-thirds (2-3) of the record owners of the real property situate within a radius of four hundred (400) feet from the exterior boundaries of the lots and lands hereinafter described, has been obtained and filed in the office of the city clerk of said city, consenting to the erection and maintenance of an automobile garage, salesroom, gasoline, oil and service station on Lots 20 and 22 in Block 77, as per "Map of Carmel-by-the-Sea, Monterey County, California" on file in the office of the county recorder of said county and state, which lands are situate in the business district as the same is established and described in Ordinance No. 96 of said city, duly adopted on June 5, 1929 and by the Building Zone map of said city, duly adopted by said ordinance, NOW, THEREFORE:

THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA DO ORDAIN AS FOLLOWS:

SECTION 1: That the application of Fred Leidig, addressed to the said council, petitioning the granting of a permit to said applicant for the purpose of erecting and maintaining an automobile garage, salesroom and gasoline and oil service station on Lots 20 and 22 in Block 77, as described and delineated on said "Map of Carmel-by-the-Sea, Monterey County, California" be and the same is hereby approved, and it is hereby ordered that a building permit be issued accordingly.

SECTION 2: That this ordinance shall take effect and be in force thirty (30) days from and after its final passage and approval.

PASSED AND ADOPTED BY THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, this 15th day of April, 1931, by the following vote:

AYES: COUNCILMEN: Heron, Kellogg.
NOES: COUNCILMAN: Rockwell.
ABSENT: COUNCILMEN: Jordan, Bonham

APPROVED: April 15th, 1931.
HERBERT HERON
Mayor of said City

ATTEST:
SAIDEE VAN BROWER
City Clerk
(SEAL)

I, the undersigned Clerk of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea and Ex-Officio Clerk of the Council of said City hereby certify that the foregoing Ordinance No. 110 is a true and correct copy of Ordinance No. 110 of said City which was introduced at an adjourned regular meeting of April 8th, 1931. Passed and Adopted on the fifteenth day of April, 1931, by the following vote:

AYES: COUNCILMEN: Heron, Kellogg.
NOES: COUNCILMAN: Rockwell.
ABSENT: COUNCILMEN: Jordan, Bonham.

I further certify that the above Ordinance No. 110: was thereupon signed by Herbert Heron, Mayor of said City and was duly published in "The Carmelite," issue of April 23, 1931.

ATTEST: SAIDEE VAN BROWER
City Clerk

(OFFICIAL SEAL)

PRINTING

THE CARMELITE PRINTERS

ORDINANCE NO. 111

AN ORDINANCE PROHIBITING ELECTRICAL INTERFERENCE WITH RADIO RECEPTION, AND PROVIDING PENALTIES FOR THE VIOLATION OF THIS ORDINANCE.

THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, DO ORDAIN AS FOLLOWS:

SECTION 1: That it shall be unlawful for any person, firm, co-partnership, association or corporation knowingly or wantonly to operate or cause to be operated, any machine, device, apparatus, or instrument of any kind whatsoever within the corporate limits of the city of Carmel-by-the-Sea between the hours of 12 o'clock, noon, and 12 o'clock midnight, the operation of which shall cause reasonably preventable electrical interference with radio reception, within said municipal limits; Provided, however, that X-ray pictures, examinations or treatments may be made at any time if the machine or apparatus used therefor are properly equipped to avoid all unnecessary or reasonably preventable interference with radio reception and are not negligently operated.

SECTION 2: That this ordinance shall not be held or construed to embrace or cover the regulation of any transmitting, broadcasting or receiving instrument, apparatus, or device used or useful in interstate commerce or the operation of which instrument, apparatus, or device is licensed or authorized by or under the provisions of any act of the Congress of the United States.

SECTION 3: That every person, co-partnership, association, firm or corporation violating any of the provisions of this ordinance shall, upon conviction, be punished by a fine of not less than five dollars nor more than fifty dollars, or by imprisonment in the County Jail of Monterey County, for not more than thirty days or both such fines and imprisonment. Each day during which such violation continues shall constitute a separate offense.

SECTION 4: That this ordinance shall take effect and be in full force and effect, thirty days from and after its final passage and approval.

PASSED AND ADOPTED BY THE COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF CARMEL-BY-THE-SEA, this 15th day of April, 1931, by the following vote:

AYES: COUNCILMEN: Heron, Kellogg, Rockwell.
NOES: COUNCILMEN: None.
ABSENT: COUNCILMEN: Jordan, Bonham

APPROVED: April 15th, 1931.
HERBERT HERON
Mayor of said City

ATTEST:
SAIDEE VAN BROWER
City Clerk
(SEAL)

I, the undersigned Clerk of the City of Carmel-by-the-Sea and Ex-Officio Clerk of the Council of said City hereby certify that the foregoing Ordinance No. 111 is a true and correct copy of Ordinance No. 111 of said City which was introduced at an adjourned regular meeting of April 8th, 1931. Passed and Adopted on the fifteenth day of April, 1931, by the following vote:

AYES: COUNCILMEN: Heron, Kellogg, Rockwell.
NOES: COUNCILMEN: None.
ABSENT: COUNCILMEN: Jordan, Bonham.

I further certify that the above Ordinance No. 111: was thereupon signed by Herbert Heron, Mayor of said City and was duly published in "The Carmelite," issue of April 23, 1931.

ATTEST: SAIDEE VAN BROWER
City Clerk

(OFFICIAL SEAL)

THE CARMELITE: Printed and published weekly, at Carmel-by-the-Sea, California. J. A. COUGHLIN, Editor and Publisher. Entered as second-class matter February 21, 1928, at the Post Office at Carmel, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

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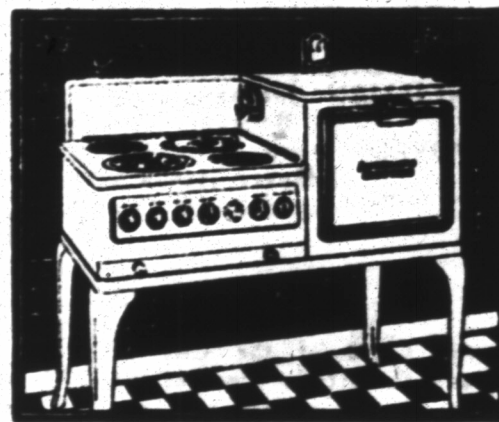
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